SUPER-GENIUS-SIDEKICK-WEAPONS-BOY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGURE IT OUT...
GOOD LORD... IS THIS --
YES... WHERE YOUR BOSS, DEADPOOL, THROWS ME WHENEVER I TRY AND ESCAPE MY LIFE-LONG PRISONER STATUS...
WELCOME TO THE BOX, DEADPOOL'S PERSONAL HOUSE OF HORRORS HERE AT THE DEADHUT.
THAT'S THE TOUR. NOW, PLEASE... STOP TALKING.
DON'T EVEN BREATHE LOUD...
...AND MAYBE YOU'LL LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT IT.

"DO NOT ADJUST YOUR TELEVISION SETS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... YOU ARE TUNED TO LOCAL NEWS...
"...THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO...
"...AND YES... THAT IS SNOW."
I'M STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE TO GOLDEN GATE PARK, WHERE THE WHITE STUFF HAS BEEN FALLING SINCE YESTERDAY --
-- THE STRANGE AFTER-MATH OF A TITANIC BATTLE BETWEEN TWO COSTUMED SUPER-BEINGS.
INITIAL REPORTS PLACED SPIDER-MAN AT THE SCENE, WAGING WAR AGAINST AN UNIDENTIFIED, PALE-SKINNED BEHEMOTH...
...BUT SUBSEQUENT INVESTIGATIONS CONFIRM THAT THE WALL-CRAWLER WAS, IN FACT, NOT INVOLVED, AND THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY A FUGITIVE MERCENARY NAMED DEADPOOL.
DEADPOOL AND HIS ARCH-RIVAL T-RAY WENT AT IT LAST ISSUE. -- MATT
NEW YORK'S DAILY BUGLE HAS NO PLANS TO PRINT A RETRACTION.
AUTHORITIES HAVE WARNED AGAINST ANYONE ENTERING THE PARK, AS THE NATURE OF THIS PRECIPITATION IS STILL UNKNOWN...
"...BUT AS YOU CAN SEE BEHIND ME, THOSE CAUTIONS HAVE GONE UNHEEDED.
"MOST EYEWITNESSES BELIEVE THIS WAS AN ISOLATED INCIDENT... AND NOT A PLOT TO DESTROY CALIFORNIA'S ECOSYSTEM.
"ONE MAN AT THE SCENE REPORTED TO POLICE, 'THE WAY THEY WERE HAMMERING AWAY, YOU JUST KNEW IT WAS PERSONAL...

THE DEADHUT. MORE SPECIFICALLY, THE BOX.
AL, YOU'RE TALKING LIKE WE'RE PRISONERS --
WEASEL, STOP! DON'T MOVE!
KLIK
THIS IS LIKE CHARLES MANSON'S RUMPUS ROOM! WHAT KIND OF PSYCHOPATH WOULD --
AL, WHAT HAPPENS IN HERE?
BE QUIET, WEASEL! JUST GRAB SOME FLOOR, SHUT UP AND WAIT.
HOME SWEET HOME
SCHLIKT
SWIFF
EVENTUALLY DEADPOOL WILL REMEMBER THAT HE LEFT US HERE AND... WELL, I KNOW THERE'S SOME BREAD IN THE FREEZER... IT'S THE WATER, THOUGH, THAT'S IMPORTANT...
WHAT THE --
ARRGH!
I TOLD YOU, STAY STILL. VERY STILL.
A BOOBY TRAP? THIS IS INSANE! THIS --
WAIT. YOU'RE BLIND... HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS --?
THE EYES DON'T WORK, BUT THE EARS ARE ALWAYS ON TARGET. I FOLLOWED YOUR VOICE... AND THE BOX ISN'T THAT BIG...
...TWELVE FEET THREE INCHES ON ANY GIVEN SIDE. EIGHT FEET UP TO THE LATTICE...
...THE SIXTH FLOORBOARD FROM THE EAST WALL HAS A CREAK IN IT. THERE ARE EIGHTY-THREE KNOTHOLES. OVER THREE HUNDRED FEET OF CHAIN...
...SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO NAILS...
...YOU PICK UP THESE THINGS... ONCE YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE A WHILE.
OH MY GOD...

AL... I HAD NO IDEA...
IT'S ALL RIGHT... I'LL GET US OUT...
DON'T TOUCH ME!
DON'T YOU DARE LAY A FINGER ON ME WHILE WE'RE IN HERE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
WHOA! AL --
AARGH!
THERE ARE RULES WHEN YOU'RE IN THE BOX! RULES YOU HAVE TO OBEY IF YOU EVER WANT TO GET OUT!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
RULES... OKAY... MAN, YOU PACK A WALLOP FOR A BLUE-HAIRED LADY...
I THINK I PULLED SOMETHING BACK HERE...
GOOD. PAIN IS GOOD.
REMINDS YOU THAT YOU STILL HAVE SOME FEELING, SOME FLESH.
SOMETIMES... WEEKS... MINUTES... I DON'T KNOW... TIME WOULD GO BY, AND I WOULDN'T MOVE A SINGLE MUSCLE.
I'D FORGET I STILL HAD A BODY...
...EVEN BLOCK OUT THE SMELL.
WHEN THAT WOULD HAPPEN... WHEN I'D FORGET I WASN'T JUST A MIND...

THE DEADHUT. JUST OUTSIDE THE BOX.

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT ALL THE TIME THAT YOU WERE DEADPOOL'S "PRISONER"...

...HE NEVER LOCKED THE DOOR ON YOU... AND YOU NEVER EVEN TRIED TO ESCAPE?

LISTEN WITH YOUR EARS AND NOT YOUR MOUTH, PUNK! I SAID THAT HE LEFT THE BOX OPEN, THAT'S ALL...

BUT IT TAKES A LOT MORE THAN FANCY LOCKS TO MAKE A PRISON, WEASEL... A LOT MORE...

I HAD A BUDDY ONCE, FROM MY UNION DAYS, TOMMY MULROOM. SWEET GUY. MADE HIS OWN BRANDY AND ROLLED HIS OWN CIGARETTES.

NEVER SAW HIS FACE, MIND YOU, BUT I JUST KNEW HE WAS A LOOKER. VOICE LIKE SILK.

TOMMY LIVED IN MAINE, BRED CHINOOKS FOR FUN AFTER HE RETIRED FROM THE JOB. HAD SIXTEEN OF THE CRITTERS.

MAINE, WEASEL... TWO THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT MILES AS THE CROW FLIES... THAT WAY.

TAKES ME A DAY JUST T'FUMBLE MY WAY OUT OF THE HOUSE. I MAKE IT TO THE DOOR WITH A FEW SCRATCHES AND A BRUISED HIP... AND THE SENSE I CAN'T GO ON --

-- BUT SOON AS I FEEL THE SUN, THAT GLORIOUS SUN, I DON'T FEEL ANY PAIN --

-- AND I'M GOING TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET AWAY FROM THE MONSTER THAT KEEPS ME IN THE CLOSET.

USIN' A COUPLE A' TRICKS I PICKED UP IN THE GIRL SCOUTS, I MANAGE TO SCORE ENOUGH CASH T'START THE TREK 'CROSS COUNTRY --

HAVE A FEVER DREAM ABOUT TOMMY, WHERE HE TAKES ME IN HIS ARMS AND REMINDS ME NOT TO SLEEP TOO LONG.

ARMS LIKE CANNONS, BODY BUILT LIKE A BRICKHOUSE. THE STRONGEST GUY I'VE EVER MET...

LEAVE 'ZONA, TRAIN T' TALLAHASSEE, THEN IT'S A FAST AND LOOSE ROAD TRIP DIRECT T' MAINE WITH SOME COLLEGE KID ON A BREAK.

HE DIGS THE INTRIGUE, THE FAKE NAMES, THE CLOAK AND DAGGER. I LET HIM CALL ME GRAMMA... I CALL HIM TOMMY.

A CHEAP COMFORT... BUT WHAT THE HELL, I'M OLD.

ARE YOU COMING OR NOT --?

SHUT UP, I'M ALMOST DONE.

WE HIT TOMMY'S PLACE AT SUNDOWN. KID TAKES AN EXTRA SECOND TO HUG A CRAZY OLD BIRD AND LEAVES. NICE.

I SMELL BRANDY COOKIN' IN THE BACK. TOBACCO MAKES THE AIR TANGY... SMELL OF LIFE.

I START PRACTICING MY COLLAPSE INTO TOMMY'S ARMS, AND I'M ABOUT TO RING THE BELL WHEN IT HITS ME...

WHAT?

FASCINATING, TRULY -- YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT HIM LATER --

I'D BEEN WITH WADE FOR TWO YEARS, AND THE MOUTH-BREATHER WAS GETTING SLOPPY. CARELESS.

HE GETS CALLED OFF TO GUADALAJARA FOR A WHACK-JOB THAT'LL TAKE AT LEAST TWO WEEKS. THE WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY CRACKS OPEN.

INSTEAD OF SCRAMBLING FOR THE BORDER, FIGURE I'LL HEAD FOR TOMMY'S. DEADPOOL DIDN'T KNOW HIM, A SAFE PORT.

PLUS, TOMMY KNOWS PEOPLE WHO KNOW PEOPLE... HE CAN GET ME PAPERS, PUT ME UNDERGROUND... WHATEVER I NEED.

YOU STOPPED TO SELL COOKIES?

-:SIGH:- AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SHARP ONE... WILL YOU LET ME FINISH?

I TRAIN IT OUT TO ARIZONA AND CRASH FOR A FEW DAYS. SUN POISONING. TOUCH OF THE FLU.

THE WHINING.

TOMMY'S DOGS. THE CHINOOKS. BIG DOGS SHOULDN'T MAKE SOUNDS LIKE THAT... BEGGING SOUNDS...

THEN THE DOOR OPENS ON ITS OWN... SLOW. THE AIR SPILLS OUT... WET... AND I HEAR HIS VOICE. GRAVEL AND GASOLINE...

WADE SAYS, "WATCH YOUR STEP, ALFRED. TOMMY MADE NO-NO IN THE HOUSE."

THE S.O.B. FOUND ME. TO THIS DAY, I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT... BUT THERE HE WAS.

WITH TOMMY... WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM. SUCH A BIG MAN...

THE SOUNDS THAT CAME OUT OF HIM... THEY DIDN'T FIT SUCH A BIG MAN...

HOLY MOTHER OF -- WH... WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

NOTHIN... NOT A BLASTED THING. WE JUST LEFT HIM... WITH THE DOGS...

...WITH ALL MY HOPE.

THAT, MY FRIEND... IS HOW YOU BUILD A PRISON.

THE DEADHUT.
AL... I -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I ALWAYS THOUGHT WADE'S PRISONER RIFF WAS A JOKE.
WELL, THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT. THAT STORY WAS ONE OF THE WORST... THERE ARE OTHERS... ONES THAT PAINT WADE IN A KINDER LIGHT...
INCLUDING THE ONE ABOUT THE TIME HE SAVED MY LIFE. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THAT STILL COUNTS FOR SOMETHING.
SEE, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE SIDE TO EVERY PERSON, WEASEL... MORE THAN ONE FACE. TODAY YOU SAW WADE'S BAD ONE...
I'VE SEEN BOTH.
I GUESS... I MEAN... I'VE DONE THINGS I'M NOT ALL THAT PROUD OF... HECK, I EVEN SHOT SOMEBODY ONCE IN SELF DEFENSE...
A STORY WE'RE JUST DYING TO TELL... SOMEDAY! -- SECRETIVE MATT
WHO AM I @#$%^&* KIDDING?! HE THREW ME IN A TORTURE CHAMBER! HE'S A MONSTER.
I'M GONE! I'LL HIJACK A BUS AND SHOOT DOWN ACROSS THE BORDER INTO MEXICO... GOT A COUSIN THERE... YEAH... HE'LL WANT TO SEE ME. THEN --
OH, I FORGOT... JUAN IS OFF TO RABBINICAL SCHOOL --
I'M DOOMED. HE'S GOING TO CHOP ME UP AND SHOVE ME IN A SINCH SACK --
A PORTRAIT OF COURAGE UNDER FIRE, THIS ONE IS...

THE AIR IS VIOLENT... EVOCATIVE...
...REMINDS ME OF THE SPIRIT THAT USED TO LIVE IN THIS BODY... EMOTIONS IT WAS ONCE CAPABLE OF.
IN A FLASH, IT HITS ME THAT IF I STILL POSSESSED THE CAPACITY TO FEEL JOY...
...I WOULD CONSIDER THIS TO HAVE BEEN A PRETTY GOOD DAY.
COME HERE OFTEN, BOY TOY?
I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO SHOW UP, TYPHOID.
TOOK ME A WHILE TO MAKE IT BACK FROM IOWA, SWEETIE. TASTY LITTLE STATE. YOU SHOULD TRY PILLAGING THERE SOMETIME.
I HEAR YOU TRASHED MY BOYFRIEND.
NOT HALF AS BAD AS YOU DID, APPARENTLY, BUT I THINK I PUT IN A RESPECTABLE SHOWING... SORRY YOU MISSED IT.
DON'T BE. WE HAD OUR OWN FIREWORKS IN IOWA.
TYPHOID MESSED WITH 'POOL IN HER OWN SPECIAL WAY IN #'s 12 & 13 -- Mattyphoid.
I KNOW. CONGRATS. NAILING WILSON IS A BLAST, AIN'T IT?
A REAL RUSH, BABY. NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN PUTTING A "HERO" IN HIS PLACE.
SOMEDAY HE'LL CLIMB BACK UP, AND WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SHOVE HIM BACK DOWN AGAIN.
WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU, MARY?
THE USUAL... CHAOS. TROUBLE. TOYING WITH SILLY BOYS... YOU?
LURKING AND LEARNING. YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS VALUED SELF-IMPROVEMENT.
'BYE, STUD.
'BYE, MARY.